

VANDIVER & COLLINS,  
Terms of Subscription:  
\$1.00 PER YEAR.  
In Advance—If not paid in Advance  
\$1.50 PER YEAR.  
ADVERTISING RATE LOW.  
Taken Furnished on Application.

# CHARITON COURIER.

VOLUME XV.

KEYTESVILLE MO., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1886.

NUMBER 1.

CHARITON COURIER

Job Printing,  
of all kinds executed with  
NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.  
A large stock of  
**Legal Blanks,**  
For Justices of the Peace, Township and  
Road Officers, also all kinds of  
**DEEDS**  
At St. Louis Prices.  
We Solicit Your Patronage.

## HARDWARE AND TINWARE!

**BUCK'S BRILLIANT**  
We are still Headquarters for all kinds of Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware, Carpenters' Tools, Cutlery, Sewing Machine Supplies, Nails, and will sell Goods as Cheap as any House in Chariton County can or Dare sell them.

We have a few Shot Guns still on hand, both breech and muzzle loading, which we will sell way below their value in order to dispose of them. They are first-class in every particular, and you can secure bargains by calling early, as they must be sold.

## STOVES QUEENSWARE

**REPAIRING DONE**  
We manufacture all of our Tinware, using nothing but the best material, and guarantee it far superior, in every respect, to goods manufactured in the East. Repairing of all kinds neatly executed, prompt and Cheap. Give us a Call and we will trade with you.

Yours, Respectfully,  
**WHITEMAN and VAUGHAN,**  
Keytesville, Missouri.

## GLASS AND WOODENWARE

**SUPERIOR STOVE**

**AMMUNITION KEPT**

### A Fruitful Five-Dollar Bill.

A little money sometimes goes a great way. As an illustration of this read the following, founded upon an incident which is said to have really occurred:

A owed \$15 to B; B owed \$20 to C; C owed \$15 to D; D owed \$30 to E; E owed \$12.50 to F; F owed \$10 to A.

All of them were seated at the same table.

A having a \$5 note, handed it to B remarking that it paid \$5 of the \$15 he owed B.

B passed the note to C remarking that it paid \$5 of the \$20 which he owed.

C passed it to D and paid with it \$5 of the \$15 he owed D.

D handed it to E in part payment of the \$30 owed him.

E gave it to F to pay on account of the \$12.50 due him.

F passed it back to A saying, "This pays half of the amount I owe you."

A again passed it to B saying, "I now only owe you \$5."

B passed it again to C with the remark, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to \$10."

C again passed it to D reducing his indebtedness to \$5.

D paid it over to E saying, "I now owe you \$20."

E handed it again to F saying, "This reduces my indebtedness to you \$2.50."

Again F handed the note to A saying, "Now I do not owe you anything."

A passed it immediately to B thus cancelling the balance of his indebtedness.

B handed it to C reducing his indebtedness to \$5.

C cancelled the balance of his debt to D by handing the note to him.

D paid it again to E saying, "I now owe you \$15."

Then E remarked to F "If you will give me \$2.50 this will settle my indebtedness to you."

F took \$2.50 from his pocket, handed it to E and returned the \$5 note to his pocket, and thus the spell was broken, the single \$5 note having paid \$82.50 and cancelled A's debt to B; B's debt to C; C's debt to D; D's debt to E; E's debt to F; and F's debt to A, and at the same time having reduced B's debt to from \$20 to \$5, and D's to E from \$30 to \$15.

Moral.—"Here a little and there a little," helps to pay off large scores. Money circulates from hand to hand and business moves. Pay your debts—in full if you can, if you can not pay in full, pay something. What helps one helps another, and so the round is made. —American Merchant.

### Sam Jones in Georgia.

"You, my colored friends, they tell you about keeping up the sale of liquor so that you may not be deprived of your liberty. Do you notice that while you are dressed in rags, that saloonkeeper has got on good clothes, and lives in a fine house? Well, if you were to go and ask that man, 'Boss, where did you get all those fine things,' he would reply, 'if he spoke aright, got them from you, you black rascal!'"

"When I was preaching prohibition in Cobb county, there came an old darkey to the little town. He ripped out an oath, and swore, 'I am going to carry 200 votes for whisky to-morrow.' That night that old negro got drunk and lay down in a barroom and died, and I think the sympathizing saloonist raised 50 cents, by general subscription for his benefit. [Laughter.]

"This talk about being too rough on the liquor men reminds me of the man who was attacked by a vicious dog. He stuck a pitchfork clean through him and pinned him to the earth. The owner came out very angry, and said,

"What did you stick that pitchfork through my dog for?"

"Well, what made your dog attack me?"

"Well, why didn't you hit him with the other end?"

"Why, didn't he come at me with the other end?" [Laughter.]

"This is just my position. If they come at me with the teeth end I will meet them with the fork end." [Laughter and loud applause.]

"The cry is that it will deprive the poor folks and the colored people of the privilege of getting drunk. That is just the class that I want to see get to heaven. These get so little in this world. If these old rich devils want to import it, guzzle it down, and go to hell, let them go. We want to put legs on these jugs and dimjohns and run them out of here."

"Here are these barkeepers living in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, and you poor negroes go from the saloon by the way of the court house to the chancery. That's the route. [Cries of "dat's the troof."] There is a complaint that you can't get a little for medical use. I have not tasted, touched nor handled a drop in nine years, and I am as healthy a

### man as you ever looked in the face.

"If there is anything I hate it is a little quack of a doctor with half a box of pills and a gallon of whisky going around to doctor all creation. If you are a doctor and can't get along without whisky, the quicker you are all in the chancery the better."—Speech at Milledgeville.

### Religion as a Cause of Insanity.

Religion, strange to say, is sometimes set down as a cause of insanity, and we have the expression, religious insanity, as a current idea. To some it means that a person is insane on the subject of religion, to others that insanity was caused by religion. What people talk about when they become insane has rarely anything to do with the real cause of the disease. In all ages of the world, the system of faith and doctrine of the times respecting man's spiritual being has been the comfort and the solace of the loftiest minds in the contemplation of the ills of this life, as well as those of the unlearned.

Religion can in no sense be charged with producing insanity. Suppose a person attends a religious meeting day after day and night after night, and finally becomes insane? It is true that insanity, in some instances, though rarely, follows after such attendance and the consequent excitement and mental strain. As I have said at another point, so do rheumatism, colds and pneumonia.

In such instances it is the exposure and neglect of food, loss of sleep, excessive physical activity without rest, which break down the general health and induce various diseases, insanity included. I know that the history of the world shows that sometimes a whole neighborhood gets into a state of excitement, and the madness seems to be universal. This is not insanity, but fanatical and hysterical excitement; it is no more true madness than the excitement gradually wrought up on political questions, until at length we have the fury, rage, and brutality of a mob, and the fearful tragedies of Nihilism and revolutionary violence.

More feelings and emotions, or the madness of passion, are not disease, nor of themselves the producers of disease. Some years ago a woman was brought to the asylum in a state of profound melancholy, her mind dwelling wholly on spiritual subjects. She had resorted to fasting and prayer in a delusive expectation that her only child, who had died, might be brought to life. She had before this given herself up to grief and indifference to duty; had got away from her home and spent whole nights kneeling on the grave of this child. Was it strange that her health should at last give way, and that she should sink into mental derangement?

Many years ago a young minister preached two sermons every Sunday, superintended a Sabbath-school, held two or three meetings a week in his church, wrote for the religious press, visited as pastor the members of a large congregation, limited his food, and trenched by study upon the hours of sleep. He finally failed in health and passed into acute mania, raving only on the subject of religion; lost his own identity; declared himself Zerubbabel; that he was appointed by God to preach "to the spirits in prison, that he had descended into hell, and there had preached the gospel of salvation and redemption. This was not religious insanity, but insanity from exhaustion, religion having nothing to do with it except to give tone and character to his delusions. He recovered and spent a long and useful life as a conservative minister of the gospel.

A distinguished lawyer, whose labors and privations broke him down in health, passed into profound melancholy, declared that he had ruined his family, and that his soul was lost. Would you charge this to religion, to law, or to exhaustion?

The only comment to be made upon such cases is, that they should not occur. They are all plainly within the scope of preventive measures. No such neglect and abuse of simple laws of health are justified, certainly not at this day. There are men and women all around us, in this city, and perhaps in this audience, who have stood at the farthest verge of mental unbalance; depressed in spirits, every thing about them clouded, suicidal thoughts coming and going, but who, being assured that impaired health was at the bottom of their misery, were willing to submit themselves to enforced eating, quiet, and rest, and necessary medication in hope of restoration, and who could testify that when health was regained their delusive ideas vanished "as a dream when one awaketh."—Dr. John P. Gray.

A poet writes: "I send you my poem, but I fear I made a mistake in not writing a refrain to it." Never mind; we shall do the refraining for you. The way in which we shall refrain from printing it will finish the poem beautifully.—New York Tribune.

### STIMULANT.

The following beautiful lines were written by George D. Prentice. They first appeared in the Louisville Journal thirty years ago:

"There is time when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which apparently knows no waking; sleeps in its home of clay, and the windows are shut; the doors hung with the invisible crape of Melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness when the physical may be thrown to the dogs, for we want none of it. What shall raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again and the pulses throb through all the myriad thronged halls in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with all his old awakening glances, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these and, is a miracle still, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

"Men have many things, but still they ask stimulant."

"Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again and the pulses to playing music, and the thought galloping, but the clock runs down sooner, and an unnatural stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted."

"There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates, duty. Duty puts clear sky over every man into which the sky-lark happiness always goes singing."

### The Grandfather of Waters.

The Mississippi has been called the "Father of waters," and Lucy Clarke, in Treasure-Trove says, shall we not call the Congo river of Africa which is half as long again and eight times broader than the Mississippi, the Grandfather? Stanley says: "You may take your choice of nearly a dozen channels. The color of the water on its left is tea color, and on its right half a chalky white, and you will see more beautiful vegetation on the Congo than on the Mississippi. On the islands and mainland, elephants are standing sentry-like, by the river side, the buffaloes, red and black, are grazing on rich grass plains; the great young hippopotamus is lazily preparing for a plunge; here also we find the crocodile. In the forests are flocks of screaming parrots and chattering monkeys, the screaming black ibis, the blue coated fantail, the little king fisher and the white collared fish eagle. On the sandy strip by the edge of the forest are the gay and long-legged flamingoes.

The Yukon is the third great river of our country. It has been traversed 2,000 miles by Lieut. Schwatka, two-thirds of which was passed over on a rudely constructed raft. He reports that even within the Arctic Circle the August heat is oppressive, and mosquitoes and gnats make life a burden.

### He Held Fast to a Good Thing.

"Yes," said the conductor on the Illinois Central, "I'm married at last, boys and am mighty glad of it. But the strangest party of the story is how I came to meet my wife."

It was about a year ago. One day we stopped at one of the stations down the line where the track is doubled, when there was a freight train approaching on the track west of the station. The freight slowed up so that passengers would have time to cross, and then put on steam and came along after I had given the signal to my engineer to start. But I stood on the ground looking out for passengers who might jump off and get hurt, as I always do under similar circumstances. On this occasion it was well that I did, because a young woman came running out of one of the coaches of my train and excitedly made a jump to get off. She landed right in my arms, and if I hadn't been there she'd have fallen before the freight engine and been crushed to death. Well, boys, I just held on to her until those two trains had passed, and they weren't very short trains either. She was so excited I didn't dare put her down, and I felt quite comfortable the way I was, anyhow, with her heart beating against mine. Well, in that minute and a half I lost my heart, and we were married a week before Christmas. She says she always did like a man who had sense enough to hold fast to a good thing when he had a chance."—Chicago Herald.

Subscribe for the Courier.

### A WATERY GRAVE.

Dave Barton Drowned in the Missouri River Near Rocheport.

Messrs. George Martini and Charles Mitchell, from the Ashland neighborhood, were in town Tuesday, and we learned from them the sad intelligence of the untimely death of our old friend, Dave Barton, of Rocheport. Particulars could not be ascertained further than Barton, together with several others, went to the island, in the Missouri river, Monday morning for the purpose of shooting ducks. Shortly after their arrival at the island, Barton fancied he could kill more game elsewhere, so he left the crowd and started for another bar a short distance away. His absence during the entire day was thought nothing of, as it is quite customary for hunters to get separated for that length of time. Upon the party's return in the evening, however, they discovered Barton's skiff, gun, etc., all crushed up in a gorge of ice, and he was not to be found anywhere, and hence was supposed to have gone down to a watery grave beneath the terrible barges of ice. Dave Barton was well and favorably known throughout the lower part of the county, having long resided near Whites Store. He leaves a wife and children, and a host of friends to mourn his sudden and sad departure.

### The Man and the Boy.

Many farmers are too careless about the boys. They seem to act on the belief that the boys will take care of themselves, and it is not necessary to do much for them beyond feeding and clothing them, and getting what work they can out of them. Of course, they send them to school, but there is another sort of education which every farmer ought to supervise, and that is a practical one.

Boys are quick to learn, and you have only to get them interested in a thing, to teach them how to do it. When you set them at a new piece of work, explain it to them. Tell them not only how to do this or that thing, but why you do it. Explain the reason for it, and set them to thinking for themselves. Encourage them to be self-reliant, and when they have done anything well, give them the credit for which they are entitled. Treat the boy as if he were a man—for he is, on a smaller scale than yourself—and he will act like a man. Take him into your confidence, and make a companion of him, and he will surprise you by his manliness and by his sensible ideas. These ideas may be crude, but the germ of sense is in them, and it is your duty to assist in their development, in every possible way.

Too many men make their boys feel that they are of little or no account while they are boys. Lay a responsibility on a boy, and he will meet it in a manful spirit. On no account ignore their disposition to investigate. Help them to understand things. Encourage them to know what they are about. We are too apt to treat a boy's seeking after knowledge as mere idle curiosity.

"Don't ask questions," is poor advice to boys. If you do not explain puzzling things to them, you oblige them to make experiments before they find out, and the experimental knowledge is best, in one sense, in another it is not, for that which can be explained clearly, does not need experimenting with. If the principle involved is understood, there is no further trouble, and the boy can go ahead intelligently.

The Paris Mercury is pushing Judge Theo. Brace, of Monroe county, for the Supreme Bench of the State. Judge Brace has a fine reputation as a gentleman and jurist. It is time that a change should be made, and that some of the old fossils should give place to more liberal and vigorous talent. The Paris Mercury is in a good cause and has a good candidate.—Macon Republican.

MILAN REPUBLICAN.—In response to a call for money, to defray the expenses of Revs. Shelton and Graham, the people at the Opera house Sunday night, showed their generosity by subscribing \$200 to them within a few minutes. \* \* \* Revs. Shelton and Graham leave this city for Linneus where a series of meetings are in progress. They take with them the best wishes of the people of Milan and vicinity, and their visit to this city will long be remembered by those interested in the cause of christianity. These services are being continued at the M. E. church.

CLIENT (in his lawyer's office).—"Have you read this Mormon business lately? It's enough to make a man's blood boil to see the sanctity of the marriage relation—er—how is my divorce case coming on?" —Puck.

"How old are you?" asked a justice of the peace of "Jim" Webster, who was under arrest for stealing chickens. "I dunno," said the darkey. "When were you born?" "Whit am de ob use ob my tellin' you 'bout my buffday; you ain't gwine to make me no buffday present."

DRUNKENNESS is not only the cause of crime, but it is a crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the braves of any country or of any age.—Ruskin.

The Texas advocate says: "Merchants at Bedias and Iola say they would not have whisky sold again in these towns for one thousand dollars a year. Fourteen thousand dollars worth was sold per year it is said, at Iola. Now men pay their debts and have something left, who did but little more than pay their whisky bill."

Magistrate—"Have you ever been arrested before, Rastus?" Rastus—"Ye'es, yo' honah." Magistrate—"How many times?" Rastus—"I don't zactly remember, yo' honah." Magistrate—"Once?" Rastus—"Ye'es, Ise ben 'rested mo'n wunce." Magistrate—"Five hundred times?" Rastus (indignantly).—"No, sah." Magistrate—"A hundred times?" Rastus—"Er—yuse gittin' hot, jedge, yuse gittin' hot, —Life.

Many farmers think that as soon as wagon fellows begin to shrink they must go at once to the blacksmith shop and get the tire set, instead of doing that (which is often a damage to the wheels, causing them to dish), if they will get some fine-seed oil and heat it boiling hot, and give the fellows all the oil they can take, it will fill them up to their usual size, and tighten to keep them from shrinking and also keep out the water. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of mixing paint, you can heat the oil and tie a rag to a stick and swab them over as long as they will take oil. It pays to keep a little oil on hand to oil fork handles, rakes, neck-yokes, whiffletrees, and any of the small tools, on the farm that are more or less exposed.

SHRINKING baffles us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. It outwits alike the teacher, the man of business, the patriot and the legislator. Every other institution flounders in hopeless difficulties, but the public house (grogs) holds its triumphant course. The administrators of public and private charity are told that alms and oblations go with rates, dues and pensions, to the all-absorbing bar of the public house. Under the accumulating influence of alcohol, the honest man turns knave, the respectable man suddenly loses principle and self-respect, the wise man is utterly foolish, the rigidly moral man takes a plunge into libertinism. Let us do something toward staying the huge mischief which, one way or another, confounds us all, and may ruin us all.—London Times.

We all lead two lives—an inner and an outer life,—and they may be, we had almost said, "wide as the poles asunder." Perhaps, even a greater distance may part them; for while one is of necessity earthly, the other may be in spirit heavenly. Business and labor need be no obstruction to godliness; we may carry Christ with us as we engage in them, and while they hold us in time as with an iron grasp, we may still commune with Christ. Here is a forcible paragraph from the Zion's Herald.

Vinet justly remarks: "Many a hermit lives in the world, many a man of the world lives in solitude." Thus a very active, busy man, while handling merchandise and doing much business in the marts of trade, may be maintaining secret intercourse with his Lord and looking for divine approval of his every transaction. On the contrary, a woman who lives chiefly at home may be constantly fretting because she cannot live stylishly, dress extravagantly, and be recognized as one of the queens of society. Her life is passed in comparative solitude, yet her soul is rent and torn by the storms of worldly passion which sweeps through it day by day. The former is "in the world, yet not of it;" the latter does not move in the active world, yet, being filled with its spirit, it is manifestly "of it." The real life of the former is hidden from the multitude around him as much as if he were a hermit of the desert; the visible life of the latter, though inactive and in a measure solitary, is nevertheless as thoroughly worldly as if it were spent in the crowded parlors of gaiety.